THE EUROPEAN
HARVEST FIELD

Letters from Europe's Missionaries

BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS

Isaiah 32:20.

Published Bi-monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP

156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

VOLUME XXIV
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THE INNER VOICE

The Inner Voice calls me to prayer
While in the round of daily care,
And so I pause to intercede
For some one, known to God, in need.

The name I may not even hear;
The trial itself may not be clear.
Still I can raise my heart in prayer.
God knows the need, and answers, there.

Blest mystery of communion sweet,
When thus my blessed Lord I meet.
To heed His call as best I may
Gives joy to me throughout the day.

DR. BROWETT
(Friend of Moody and Sanky.)

READ CAREFULLY "ESCAPE FROM POLAND," BY KARL FAULKNER.
Pages 13 to 15 in this number.

The
EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD
Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
156 Fifth Avenue New York 10, N. Y.

VOL. XXIV
No. 6
NORMAN J. SMITH, Managing Editor
NOVEMBER
1943

MAY THIS MESSAGE INCREASE YOUR FAITH!

Dear Friend:

FAITH is a familiar word to many of us, but in these war days perhaps its meaning to us may have become a bit clouded. In worry and care, and even in suffering, there is new strength continually if our faith is made alive in Christ. A new service for this word Faith was offered to me the other day, and I desire to share it with you. Watch the five emphasized letters in the next sentence: **F**orsaking **A**ll (burdens, cares and worries), **I** Take **H**im. Here is a real key to new comfort!

The American-European Fellowship has ministered to the physically and spiritually sick as a Faith organization for nearly twenty-five years. In spite of even these troublesome days, we believe the Lord will continue to bless our work, or we might say, to use us in His service as He has for so long past.

There have been many changes on the Mission Field, but the spreading of the Gospel continues. Though a few of our Missionaries have been silent for months, or even years, we know that God is protecting them and blessing with daily opportunities for witnessing. Pray faithfully for them and let not their silence discourage you. A continuance of your gifts will provide for better use of their talents in the times of rehabilitation which we hope and pray may come soon!

Do you question our own need of Faith? A Missionary organization must depend on human wisdom in its business affairs, but more essential is the spiritual guidance that comes through Faith. But speaking materially, paper especially is difficult to secure, and we are frequently reminded of Government priority on the time and talents of the printer! Labor, too, has its problems. It is true that today every firm is operating with less material and help, and the delay in production would be discouraging were it not for our Faith in God. The best we can do is being done, and your Faith in us and your prayers for our work are humbly besought.

Responses to the Thanksgiving Greetings are beginning to come in. Thank you! We pray that more friends will share in this Fellowship and sincerely thank God for your many blessings and mercies with a token through this work. In America we have **so much** to be thankful for. If Missionaries can "count their many blessings" in the middle of an air raid, surely we can count ours with renewed Faith in the midst of our comforts.

May the Lord bless you! Be assured that you are remembered by name in our daily prayer. Shall we as we bow our hearts in prayer dedicate more of our time and talents, even our lives also, to Jesus Christ, making personal the words of another favorite hymn:

O! Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end.
Be Thou forever near me, my Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle if Thou art by my side.
Nor wander from the pathway, if Thou wilt be my guide.

Sincerely yours, FLORENCE J. MITCHELL.

PHYSICIAN, PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL

Treats More Than Twenty-five Thousand Cases in Six Months!

Jaffa, Tel-Aviv,
Palestine, August 24.

Dear Miss Mitchell:

As usual the summer brings here more diseases, and eventually an increase of the clinic patients. I am going to give you some statistics of the number of patients during the past half of the year, so you will have an approximate idea of the intensity of the work.

I wrote in my "Christmas" report that in December, 1942, we finished the first five year period of our clinical work here. Now we are in the course of the sixth year, and the work has in no way slackened or lost any degree of its intensity and interest. The Lord rooted it deeply in the ground and made it interesting and vivid! Every day brings us many new and interesting cases, and should I be able to describe the life of the clinic day by day, you would have from us a daily report of several pages.

But time? How to afford time for even one large descriptive letter! I know the readers of "The European Harvest Field" like large and interesting reports, but I am compelled to remind them that, the more work there is to be done, the less time there is for "large" letters. Very often we are so tired after the work (after treating 100 to 150 patients a day) that it is physically almost impossible to sit down and write letters. Yes, I am tired, but happy,—really happy in the Lord's work.

I am often thinking, while watching the numerous patients in our clinic, that this must be something from the times of Christ and His disciples. You would think the same could you visit this clinic. They remind us of and are so similar to those who came in multitudes to Christ, and to whom He said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled."—John 6:26.

During these five and one-half years of clinical life between 50,000 and 60,000 patients (for the first years we had no recorded statistics) were treated in this clinic. And the great majority of them came, and are still coming, to be cured **physically only.** But our desire and aim and constant effort is that our labors may not be to treat these patients physically, but spiritually. And we are sure that this is the Lord's will, too. And we pray daily that Christ may change that "physically only" to "not only," —by no means "physically only," but spiritually first. Otherwise there is not the best of reasons for the existence of our clinic, for here are many, many places (clinics, etc.) where patients are treated "physically only!"

Patients come to our clinic, too, with one and only desire, to be treated by us similarly to the scores of other clinics,—just "physically only." They come to us, not having the slightest desire to hear anything about Christ, and in some cases with a ready opposition toward Christ. And we, knowing this very well, are making constant effort to turn their "physically only" into "spiritually first." "His glory first, by His gracious help. This is our goal."

How are we doing this? First, by prayers, individually and together Knowing well our helplessness to bring any soul from darkness to light without Him, we ask Him for help. He answers and helps! The answers come after the prayers, not before. Then we have the printed and verbal word also. His Word, tracts, leaflets, magazines, Gospels, Bibles. Sick persons who come into the Clinic in a great hurry, with only a desire to get as quickly as possible a prescription or medicine and then to go hur-

riedly away, often find out that they must first await their turn, and often have to wait a long time.

In other clinics there are also turns and waitings, but with no outcome, no seed growing as we know it. There they just sit and wait, or they may be offered in a kind way "something to read." No outcome. They take and read what we offer, also. And during the waiting (which sometimes is long) they may begin a conversation with regard to the perused leaflets and tracts. This is the Lord's opportunity. There are answers and explanations, and more questions, for Israel likes to ask questions. And so Christ invisibly turns that "physically only" to "not physically only," with questions of sin and salvation, with questions of Messiah, Israel's Redeemer.

And so: 1, prayers; 2, the Word of God (Gospels and literature) and 3, meetings in the clinic itself and in the Hall Pniell. And what about the medical treatment? Praise the Lord, He gives the full means and opportunity for medical treatment as in hundreds of other clinics:—but with this only, and very important, difference: "Physically not only," and not first. "First, Christ!" Please pray that this plan may be fulfilled more and more as the days of clinical life pass one by one.

And still another thing. You know that our clinic is attended by many Arabs,—mostly Moslems,—as patients. We try to approach them with the Gospel of Christ, so that not only Israel may learn the way of Salvation, but Ishmael, too. And here we feel there is a deep darkness, as in the time of Pharaoh,—no reaction, no opposition, but no acceptance of the truth, either. Israel, while listening to the good tidings, often becomes excited, begins to shout, and shows signs of pain in his old wound (after the rejection of Christ), which is still open, and he feels pain when you touch it. But Ishmael shows signs of nothing; he is not excited, not opposed; he is dead. But is the Lord not able to raise from the dead? Indeed, He is able!

But we must pray! Is it just a mere happening that so many Moslems are coming to our clinic, a Christian clinic, where the Gospel is preached and Christ is the Master? What does the Lord want from them, and from us? "For God so loved the world,"—and the world means not only Israel, but Ishmael as well!

And now, as I mentioned, I want to give you some statistics of the patients, so you will have an idea of the monthly work in the clinic. In January of this year we had 735 patients; then in February, 1,351; March, 1.516; April, 771; May, 1,211; June, 1,589; July, 2,532.

Please continue to pray for these souls who attend the clinic! Every morning, as you are before the Throne of Grace, please remember them!
Yours in Him. J. JUK.

This Missionary and Medical Doctor is a very busy man. Even "The European Harvest Field" seldom receives from him the stories, the appeals which he has the license and the need to tell his praying friends about. It is for you to lay all before the Throne of Grace and thank the Lord for His Help!

The 9705 cases recorded in this clinic during the first seven months of 1943 are to Dr. Yuk opportunities for Gospel seed sowing. What a joy it is when he can parallel the physical healing with the soul's salvation! This man is highly worthy of our prayers and support in the great field of Israel and Ishmael! That field is growing. We need more Missionaries, more physicians and more praying and supporting friends NOW.

A TESTIMONY FROM PALESTINE

Tel Aviv, Palestine, Oct. 16.
Dear Brother Smith: Received in New York Nov. 30.

Thank you for my cabled allowance, which reached me on October 11. "The European Harvest Field" came two days later. It contained the July news. Florence Mitchell seems to be helping Jean Rhode to have a pleasant time while she is with you all there in New York. I trust her health has fully returned.

Many of my friends write of their prayer interest in our workers because they have gotten to know them through "The Harvest Field." A nurse in Michigan is very much interested in Tordis Christoffersen (our Missionary to the Jews in Paris).

One day in a prayer meeting I heard a soldier boy pray for Mr. McGaw. He is very much concerned over that eye trouble. His letter is full of encouragement. How good of him to write to us.

I will be glad to receive some Jewish tracts if it is possible to send them. One gets a very good picture of what Israel is thinking today. One hears everywhere: "Why is it we Jews suffer so much?" But—you do know that many of them are turning to the Saviour. It is good to hear them witness: "Whereas I once was blind, now I see. The light of the world is Jesus."

Many patients tell me that Dr. Juk is a true Christian and that he always helps them in every way. A very beautiful sweater was given to me today. An Armenian girl teacher made it for me while she was on her vacation this summer. Her mother and friend helped her make it for me. It is the color of the American nurses' uniform.

The people in the home where I live are very thoughful and kind to me. They are Arab Christians and have been with American Missionaries now for three generations. Three young Jewish girl students also live in this home. When I come home I shall be able to tell you all of how some of these Arab Christians have suffered for the name of the Saviour whom they love. The Lord is blessing in our Bible class. Some students are moving on to other places, and new ones are coming along. I trust you are well. Sincerely yours, JANE T. HALEY.

OUT OF HOME AT HITLER'S "REQUEST"

(The writer of this note and the "Comment" following was long located in Czechoslovakia and very familiar with the countries of Europe. At the Editor's request he has written on the "very difficult problem.") Willow River, Minn., Dec. 8th

Dear Brother Smith:

As to the "comment" on the European prospects, I have tried to say something, though I feel it is wiser to keep the mouth shut. Some people are keen to notice what they don't like. I have tried to be honest in what I say, also in regard to our returning. I am not like some people who try to make others believe the salvation of all Europe depends on them. Let your "yea be yea, and nay be nay," applies to this also, I believe. If it pleases the Lord, we shall get there, and we are willing to do His bidding, no matter what the outlook may be. It is too far to make a guess as to how many will be left in Europe, but disillusionment is sure to be great.

Notice from friends in Pennsylvania this morning speaks of a Red Cross letter to us, hanging some where since summer. When it will reach us I don't know; they have long red tape on this side of the "herring pond." Hope your and your loved ones' health is improving. May the season's best blessings be upon you all. CHARLES LUKESH.

COMMENT BY THE TRULY WISE,—ON REQUEST

Dear Brother:

To speak of the post war opportunities in Europe is a very difficult problem. Many predictions have been ventured, but it is pretty sure that every prognosticator in the line will sooner or later be taken for a prevaricator! In one magazine it was desired to publish the opinions of famous business men on the post war conditions in the United States. That promised to be interesting, but the first one spoiled it already by saying: "Tell me what government we will have after the war, and I will tell you what to expect." That rule applies to Europe just fine!

Anybody can see that the laws of seed time and harvest will surely come to its own after the war. There may be a short interim from the seed sowing to the harvesting, yet it is evident that this ripening process is going on right now in an amazing degree. Nazism has sown but hatred! How long does it take for such seed to germinate?

Using Shickelgruber's own words, "ruthlessness in extermination," —he describes himself not as a leader, but as a gangster. It was easy to jump on unprepared nations, to subjugate them. He used ten years to prepare, not only his country, but others also. It would be interesting to know how far he had a hand in fostering the drunkenness in the French army, which according to General Foch was the cause of the fall of France. That Japan is fostering opium on the down-trodden nations to ruin them is understood. How far drink is now preparing to ruin the results of victory will be shown in history. After the last war alcohol has done much to ruin all hopes.

Quoting Mr. H. J. Taylor: "The problems abroad are astronomical. They are deep rooted in historical tensions, full of cross-current and contradictions! Any one of these problems is enough to baffle any European, yet American words and pens are distributing promises everywhere . . . We cannot solve Europe's basic problems or make the world free." Thus far Mr. Taylor, who is not speaking from the standpoint of prophecy. What can be expected of those whose first concern is what amount of liquor some people can hold? It is sure that spirits (in liquor) will not co-operate with the Holy Spirit.

To solve these tremendous problems we have the promises from two sides. The prophecy of the Lord, in His coming, and the national prophesies of the coming deliverer. Thus Russia has also her traditions of a leader, emanating from Russia, who will deliver Europe. Comrade Stalin has proven himself as the man of the hour, has advanced to a Marchal. Why could he not advance to be the leader of the United States of Europe? The title matters not; the fact counts! The only question is, How much toleration will he show to religion? What will he allow in that "interim" after the battle ceases, before the outworking of plans?

However that all be, one of the staggering problems confronting us will be the challenge of the hour. There are preparations being made from various angles. Business is counting on capturing the markets; politicians try to secure their adherents, and "isms" prepare to propagate their claims! **Has the gospel of the LIVING CHRIST anything to offer to the remnant of these that have been sadly disillusioned?** I say with Paul: "I am ready to preach the Gospel . . . to Europe also." Who will help toward the details necessary? Yours in Him.

CHARLES LUKESH

OPINION OF A JEWISH RABBI

Quoted as Not Believing in the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ

Florida again, Nov. 20, 1943.

Dear Friends:

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down." Psa. 37:23-24.

Surely it is because the Lord has imputed what He is to His redeemed that He sees good in (me) any man, and that He condescends to order (my) his steps. Since my return to Florida, November 3rd, strange things have been happening to me. At first it seemed a mistake for me to have returned, but more recently it appears quite otherwise.

The thought of the great opportunities which are so abundant where such multitudes of Christ's own according to the flesh dwell in Northern cities kept searching my heart. Then one attack upon another was experienced in my body, when I had felt so much better while in New York and Pennsylvania. Now, after more than two weeks in St. Petersburg, I realize that it was all of the enemy who sought to thwart and hinder God's plan for my present ministry. I was tried in spirit and literally bruised in body. But Deut. 31:8, given to me so definitely while visiting Keswick Grove, is now being proven.

Two days ago, seven of us met in my house for prayer for Israel. This was God's doing, and it was wonderful to me. The previous week, before I sent out invitations for the meeting, four of us were brought together here to pray for this needy people. God's approval of the continuance of this ministry was thus manifested.

Several times while out seeking contacts, this week, difficulties and oppositions not heretofore noticed were encountered. The enemy taunted me with the thought of what an unsuccessful worker I am. It may be true, but I reminded the evil one that the Lord in me is never a failure. The first day's disappointments were crowned by a victory when a Jewish foot specialist accepted a New Testament.

Now things are beginning to look brighter. I am feeling stronger physically; the temperature is normal again, no longer so hot. For the great privilege given to me this very morning of witnessing to the Rabbi of the Orthodox Synagogue and also to three rather distinguished-looking men I do praise the Lord.

I was hurrying, literally hobbling along, on my way to do several errands. The two synagogues of St. Petersburg are located on this avenue. As I approached the Orthodox School three men of the Hebrew people came out and walked down the street a little distance in front of me. I prayed: "Lord, stop them if you wish me to be a witness to them." They stopped in front of a car. Looking behind me, I saw the Rabbi leave the Synagogue and start in our direction. Catching up with the men, I offered each a pamphlet, which they graciously accepted. Then I suggested: "Don't let the Rabbi take the literature from you. It is the Word of God," — or words to that effect.

The Rabbi joined us, and one of the men suggested my giving a booklet to him. I told them that I had already given him some of our literature. Soon a lively conversation ensued, with plenty of gesticulation! The Rabbi said that he did not believe in the deity of our Lord, and needed no man to atone for his sins! I referred him to Lev. 17:11, and said: "If you do not accept God's atonement for sin, you will die in hell for your own sins." Much more was said on both sides, but it would take too long to repeat it in detail. Please pray for this "after meeting" of the Synagogue, that God may cause the seed thus sown to bear fruit.

I remember with thanksgiving the kindness shown to me by my dear relatives and friends while on the Northern journey, and do pray that God will bless them all in abudant measure. I trust that all of our dear readers will have a most blessed holiday season. Sincerely yours in Christ's service,

JEAN RHODE.

HOW SOW THE SEED AMONG THE HEBREWS?

The daily labor of such a one is the searching of the faces of men ad women, to discover if this or that one is perhaps within the reach of the Gospel message and should be offered a carefully selected tract repeating the words of I John 3:23, 24 and I John 4:7-15 or some other fruitful message from the Word of God. Is not this servant of Jesus Christ worthy of our prayers? "I will pray with the spirit, and pray with the understanding also."—1 Cor. 14:15.

BLIND; YET WITH VISION GLORIOUS

Early in the present year the editor sent a message to East Africa, which was intended to comfort and sustain our Brother Frank A. McGaw in his physical blindness. Through delays in the mail both going and coming, we are able only in the present number to give this message and Brother McGaw's answer to our readers. If you know some friend who has lost his physical sight, but still rejoices in his spiritual vision; or if there is one who may be restored to spiritual sight by its use, may the Lord use the letter and reply in His service.

New York, Jan. 21, 1943.

My Dear Brother McGaw:

An old friend paid me a visit recently, and revealed something which has kept me in prayer for him ever since. We two used to work together for the Lord, and I thought he would be delighted to know something of the **American-European Fellowship** and the activities in which the Lord has permitted me to have a share for so many years. But he said:

"You know, Brother Smith, all that stuff has gone out of my head, and I have been for the past four years a———. I get such a satisfaction out of it."

I discovered that my friend had gone spiritually blind! That is why I have such a heart-ache and have prayed for him ever since. He is still loved, and I would like to see him love God again, though he insists there is no God to love!

A few days ago word came that you had "gone blind." I felt quite sad over your physical condition in a foreign land, and you were also in my prayers. Then a letter came from your daughter here on Long Island, saying that you are interested in everything around you, and are attending an occasional spiritual meeting and still hope to see a revival in Nairobi. She described your faith that the Lord will restore your eyesight again.

That letter comforted me, and I said to myself: "Dear Brother McGaw is not blind. He sees the Lord and looks forward far into the future both for himself and for the Lord's children. No, he is not blind!"

This morning I read Acts 13 and came to verses 6 to 12, where Elymas went blind physically because he was blind to righteousness and the ways of the Lord Jesus Christ, and soon afterward Sergius Paulus, who had long been blind to God, received his sight spiritually and was astonished at the vision which came to him of the Lord and the things of eternity.

Then I said to myself: "My friend who called on me is the blind Elymas, seeing the things of earth, but having no spiritual vision; and Brother McGaw has never lost his sight and probably sees many things of God and His Kingdom more clearly now than ever before!"

Yes, Brother! I pray with you for the restoration of your physical vision for a year or so, or perhaps for a few more (he is over 80); but, Oh! I rejoice that you have not, like my friend here in America, lost perhaps permanently and for all eternity the spiritual vision which God gave you years ago, and which you have used to such good advantage on the Mission fields, and which you still continue to exercise, — looking for the return of our Lord, as He promised in His Holy Word.

We who have that vision and look for the return of our Lord as promised in John 14:1-3 have a quietness and peace which the world cannot destroy. I am sure that you, like all Christians, are praying that the murderous wars of earth may cease, while at the same time we are thinking of this as perhaps the last great war, which we are told must come, and in the midst of which we shall be at the time our Lord comes to rule over us, bringing with Him that peace and joy and love from the Throne of Grace, wiping away the tears and leaving no sorrows or regrets.

My pen produced for the May, 1942, number of "The Harvest Field" an article which I entitled "The Final Victory Over Death." In it I asked our readers to face the fact of death from the **divine** instead of the **human** side. I am willing to acknowledge all the sorrows of parting with our loved ones, but it became quite clear to me that, with all of Eternity and its joys and love before Him in full view, God possibly was rejoicing so wholeheartedly over each new child of His transferred to the heavenly home that He had little room for the heart-ache we are feeling over the loss of our loved ones.

We who are left behind may be unfortunate in one sense, in that we are unable to consciously and clearly compare our earthly and heavenly homes, as a prospective real estate purchaser does here on the earth. There seems to be a blessing we have to miss in not being able to see clearly the heavenly home that awaits us. But on the other hand, if that were physically and consciously possible here and now, we Christians would be altogether too anxious to quit our earthly life and work, and to step over into the Kingdom at once.

We may wonder, though, what an

effect such a vision would have on the lost souls who have no desire for salvation now and see no future worth changing their lives for. In the wisdom of God, we are given a spiritual vision which enables us to look into the future with a keen eye, and with faith that all will be well. The things of time, much as we have enjoyed them through God's blessing and mercy, are not to be measured with the same scale with which we shall some day attempt to measure the things of all eternity!

So, my brother, gaze on contentedly into the future, and I am sure you have already seen there enough to well repay the loss of earthly vision. May the Lord continue His blessings and mercies to you until you go to Him, or He comes for you and all His children. Here is something from the **"Sunday School Times"** of November 28 which may suit your need:

THE LONG, LONG LOOK

Give me the long, long look, Dear Lord;
Empower me to stretch my gaze
Beyond the failures and the flaws
That mark the rim of present days,
And glimpse the simple, sweet perfection
Of living, Lord, in Thy reflection.
Help me to look across the span
Of trouble and discouragement—
Across the shades which seem so light
Beside dark hours the Saviour spent—
And understand that grief and sorrow
Will vanish, Lord, with THY
TOMORROW.

Pauline Tyson Stephens.

BROTHER M'GAW'S REPLY

P. O. Box 575, c/o Salvation Army
European Hostel, Nairobi, East Africa
22nd July

To Mr. Norman Smith:

Dear Friend:

I thank you for the kind letter you sent me some weeks ago.

How I pity the man that has lost his vision: You referred to my blindness as a "misfortune,"—as it really is, but it is not a spiritual, it is a physical loss, but the friend you mention has lost his **spiritual** vision, and it is a sad, sad thing. Some weeks ago I got out of bed and stretched out my hands toward the ceiling, and I said: "Thank God for two kinds of visibility!" One is the sunlight that lights up the earth (physical light). What a cold, dark, frozen-up earth this would be if it were not for the sun. I think that here in Africa, and in America, too, fruits and flowers thrive due to the beautiful sunlight. But how sad is the situation of the man living in darkness though he has good eyes! I thank God for spiritual light! As one of my children used to say: "If only Jesus shows His smiling face there is sunshine in my soul." I want to thank you also for the mention you made of John 14, first three or four verses. It is a blessed hope that a man has when his soul is anchored in Jesus Christ.

I am passing this on to you through my daughter, Mrs. Branch, Manhasset. She will pass it to Miss Mitchell or to you. This manuscript I am sending you subject to editorial comment, and if you want to add anything, etc. Very kind regards to all the friends. Yours sincerely.

FRANK A. McGAW.

Same address; August 25
Received October 25.

Dear Brother Smith:

Mr. Craig has sent you a letter written just a few days before, but I want to put in a little note about the circulation sales of the little book, "Praying Hyde." Up to March 31st, this last year, 1942, the sales for the year had been 1,700, and the year before, March 31st, 1942, the sales were 3,990 odd. Previous to these two years the sales had been going about 1,000 or 1,100 a year. Now how to account for the way it jumped up to 3,000, just a few copies short of 4,000, I scarcely know, unless it was the gratuitous advertising that you gave in your column, and I want to thank you for that. I have appreciated your letter and your interest in my case, and hope that you have received the article, "Sunshine Corner and the Open Door." You know I always give you editorial license or liberty with my manuscripts. I continually pray for you and your office force, including Miss Florence Mitchell. I cannot tell yet, but I am hoping that before a great while we will have such a gracious revival in Nairobi, and the War No. 2 will be over, and I can come home with safety, and I shall call at your office. With Christian greetings to you all, Your friend,

FRANK A. McGAW.

The most appreciated thing that our readers can do will be to place both Brother McGaw and the Editor on your permanent prayer calendar,—one for lasting physical blindness and the other for long, long illness.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF WAR

A Baptismal Service and a Wedding in Carpathian Russia—Ruthenia

It was a great thrill to be invited by our fellow-Missionaries to the wedding of our brother, Philip Manetz, and to the baptismal service which was to follow. These interesting events took place over five years ago, but they are still fresh in my memory. On Friday, August 5, 1938, while Ruthenia was still a part of Czechoslovakia, my husband, sister and myself left our home for Neresnice, a journey of some hours. We passed through very pretty scenery as we went along in the train,—field after field of tall sunflowers, peasants in their quaint native costumes, laboring among their crops; yoked oxen drawing carts; while flocks of geese added quaintness to the scenes.

It was dusk when we arrived at Neresnice, and we set out at once for the little orphanage to which we were invited. As we walked along the single straggling village street, we saw groups of Jews on their way to the Synagogue, dressed in long black coats and black velvet hats with an edging of brown fur. All seemed to have long black beards, with long wisps of hair falling from each side of their temples. How they need our prayers,—these poor fanatical lost sheep of the House of Israel!

We were delighted to meet Mary Selody, who had kindly invited us to be her guests at the Orphanage. Saturday passed in sweet fellowship with other Missionaries who had arrived during the day, and we had the great joy of welcoming the bride. The wedding and the baptismal services were to be held in a small village some miles from Neresnice, so when Sunday morning dawned we started out about 8 o'clock. Although we arrived an hour before the time for the service, the people were already gathering, some coming on foot from villages many miles distant. Quite a crowd had gathered by 9:45 A.M., and so we began to sing hymns. A small table was placed under a tree and a few seats placed around it. The dear folks who had tramped so far did not seem to be expecting to be supplied with seats, but took their stand with the others in the circle and listened with great reverence to the different messages given. After two sermons of over one hour each (think of it!), a little native towel was laid on the grass, and the bridal pair knelt on it. There under the open heavens, with the sun shining upon them, the prayers of Missionaries and people arose, asking God to bless their union and to use them for His glory. What a touching and romantic wedding!

By the time the wedding ceremony was ended it was about 1 P.M. No one, however, seemed to think about eating. I felt so full of admiration at the wonderful self-forgetfulness of the others that I assured myself that the faint feeling I was experiencing was nothing serious, and surely could not be hunger. Without delay we all went quickly down to the river side, where the baptismal service was to be held. Clouds were gathering in the sky, and the bright morning sunshine had completely disappeared. The dead calm was there which precedes the storm! We began to send up unspoken requests that the storm would not break until after the baptism!

The scene was wonderful. The swift-flowing river, the curiously eager crowd lining its banks, the Missionary standing in the river in his white robe, beckoning to one after another to enter the water; the clear tones of their voices as they confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus, and then the splash of the water as they were immersed. During the service plaintive Russian hymns were sung, and these helped to make it all the more impressive.

Before long the sky looked dark and threatening, and as the service ended drops of rain began to fall. Everybody scattered, and my sister and I had just time to seek shelter inside of a little mud hut. The owner, poor old man! was sitting on the steps, so we asked his leave to enter. What a house! Mud walls, a mud floor, a mud trough for a bed, and a little mud oven! That was all there was to be seen. He himself looked so dull that it seemed hopeless to get him to understand anything. We could just ask the Lord to bless him and lead him to Himself. When the rain abated we set out to look for the others, and we found that they were all gathered together in the yard outside the house, and that the Lord's Supper was being administered. It was still raining a little and many were holding umbrellas. It was a pathetic scene, and the Russian hymn that they sang had such a plaintive melody that I could not keep the tears from my eyes.

At last the service came to an end, about 4 P.M.,—just as I began to think that I had reached the land "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end." Preparations had been going on in the house for the meal in the meanwhile, and as soon as the benediction was pronounced, the little tables were quickly filled with hungry people. This feast, after the long fast of the day, reminded one of the feeding of the five thousand,—"the day being now far spent"— and all hungry, they had to be fed before going home. The Spirit of the Master, was it not?

Everybody was provided with a large bowl of soup, chicken, rice and vegetables. Every nook and cranny was filled with people, three and four eating out of one bowl and thoroughly enjoying themselves. After the meal was over, prayer was said and it was time to separate. The men gave each other a kiss on each cheek, and the women did likewise. I came in for a good many kisses also, and each one said, "S Bogom Sestra," (God be with you, Sister!). The car was at the door waiting to take us back to Neresnice, and soon we were in the little orphanage, which seemed like a haven of refuge for many weary pilgrims.

Tremendous changes have occurred there since these happy events took place! The following year the war broke out, and shortly afterward the Missionaries were ordered to leave their work and to get out of the country. Many painful separations took place. After my husband and I were obliged to leave Ruthenia, we were separated for three and a half years, and then the Lord graciously opened the way for me to come to this country to join him. Our two boys are still in England.

Brother Manetz also had to leave his wife and little daughter, and they have been separated now for four years! Pray that the Lord will comfort and sustain them. We ask your prayers also for the Ruthenian believers, that they might be kept true to the Lord during these years of privation and suffering, and prove His everlasting faithfulness.

HELEN GERS.

THE 1938 RUTHENIAN WEDDING PARTY

The large group picture was taken at the time of the wedding and baptism, and perhaps some of our Missionary friends may be identified by the "x" marks on their white dresses. The tall brother at the left in center row is Philip Manetz, and we presume his wife was on the side toward Preacher Gers. We judge that Mrs. Gers is at the preacher's left, with Mrs. John Kovalchuk by her side, and Rev. Kovalchuk between the two in the second row. At his left is Miss Selody, whom you can identify by her dear smile. It is easier to locate the baptized ones by their bare feet than otherwise. We believe there are several others in the group who have had our support and prayers; add them to your prayer lists, even though some are scattered and cruel bullets of the war have found others. May the war end soon and bring groups like these back to the countries of Europe. Among the separated ones at this date are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Manetz, the couple whose marriage Mrs. Gers writes about in this issue of the "The European Harvest Field." We have just received a message for Mr. Manetz from his wife which will make this story more striking and real. It is entitled "Message received from Mrs. Elfrieda Manetz. October 27, 1943, through Red Cross," and reads as follows:

"Dear Husband: We are well. Mary is growing. We live in the church. At present we have no need. Please answer. With love, Elfrieda and Mary. Dated June 4, 1943." Received by the Red Cross October 14.

(see next page)

Surely we may rely on the prayers of our friends who have known and prayed for and aided Mr. and Mrs. Manetz so long. Oh, that the war may end soon and that separations like these may come to an end!

MAY THE LORD BLESS THY SERVANT

Berkeley, California

Dear Brother Smith:

I have so enjoyed receiving **"The Harvest Field"** these past months and years, and keeping track of the activities of the various Missionaries. I praise our wonderful Lord for all that He has accomplished through His servants in these dreadful times!

For so long I hoped to be used of the Lord in some foreign work among the Jews. But evidently it was my own desire and not truly the Lord's plan. About a year and a half ago the way opened for me to enter the "migrant" work under the Migrant Gospel Fellowship (now Missionary Gospel Fellowship) in full-time service. It has been a glorious privilege. And now the Lord is definitely leading me in another direction, for I am very soon to be married to a fine Christian man. He (Mr. Sam Greydarcus) is engaged in "Defense work" in Stockton, so that is where we will live. There I plan to teach classes under the Child Evangelism Fellowship, as far as I know now.

Concerning the enclosed money order, it is composed partly of gifts given me when I was expecting to enter foreign service, supplemented with some of my tithe. It is for you to send to Miss Haley or some other Missionary who happens to have need of it, as you may decide.

I have enjoyed being "connected with" the **American-European Fellowship,** even though nothing definite came of it. I believe that the Lord has had His way. May He continue to bless your labor of love for Him. In His Name.

CLEMIE MILES.

GOSPELS FOR RUSSIAN YOUNG MEN

St. Petersburg, Florida
Nov. 23, 1943.

Dear Miss Mitchell:

I am so thrilled! A large box of Russian language Gospels came from the Bible Society today, and I took them down to the Chapel tonight. They were so pleased to get them! We just heard that a load of young Russians were to be shipped out, and we will have them for Thanksgiving! They were so happy that they just could not stop praising God! I just do thank you from the bottom of my heart. I pray that God will bless you very abundantly for this.

Do you know, I have a feeling that God must have chosen each of these boys to bring over here so far from their native land and to give them this opportunity to be saved. Who would have thought of having such an opportunity to give God's Word to hundreds of Russian young men just a couple of years ago! These seem to be such nice young men,—probably the pick of the Russian navy. Pray for them!

I see Jean every Sunday in church, but I have not had an opportunity to visit with her since she returned from the North. We are enjoying nightly studies now in the book of Hebrews, with Dr. Newell. You probably know him.

I just love "The Harvest Field," and can't lay it down until I have read every word whenever I get a copy. Thanks again!

BEATRICE COOPER.

FROM ALBANIA TO GUATEMALA

Dallas 4, Texas, Nov. 24.

Good-bye Friends:

We stand on the threshold of a great experience. Behind us lie the busy days of meetings and preparation; ahead lie Central America and the great unknown. We pause to marvel at God's gracious provision for our outgoing, and to thank you for the share you had in it. Deut. 2:31 was the challenge that led us to put our feet forward; the Lord has tested us by it ever since. Not only in the Lord's original call, but in a variety of experiences, and to this very day, it has been a matter of "beginning to possess," even when only a portion of the way had been opened to us.

Wartime demands have made preparation very complicated, and our going has been somewhat delayed, but by now we are practically ready. Just now we are in Dallas, Texas, Mission headquarters. Meetings await us at Kermit, Texas, this week-end, and on Nov. 30 we expect to cross the border into Mexico. Gratefully, sincerely yours in Christ.

THE KONRADS.

Readers of "The European Harvest Field" will remember the Konrads as former Fellowship Missionaries in Albania. Axis armies stopped that, but the Lord has given them a new field in Guatemala. They have our prayers there, too.

—Editor.

A Family Divided,—America and England

This picture of Rev. and Mrs. Timothy Gers and their two sons, Daniel and Donald, was taken in Soviet Russia about four years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Gers are now in America, holding as many Missionary Meetings as possible, while their two sons are in England.

ESCAPE FROM POLAND

Told by our Missionary, Karl Faulkner to Anne Hazelton and published in the "King's Business," of Los Angeles, Calif.
Begun in previous issue of
THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

DAYS IN POLAND

Warsaw had been to me "journey's end" when I reached there in August, 1937. The view outside the city, of field upon field of wheat and barley, threaded with deep blue of lupines, stretching far across the plains to the distant horizon, was but a pleasant background for the work God had called me to do. Inside the city, wide avenues and gracious dwellings meant little to me. But when I stood in the Warsaw Ghetto, in marked contrast to all else I had seen, a Ghetto where 250,000 Jews lived, crowded into one small section of the city, ten to a room,—then I knew that I had reached the place of His appointment.

Even in those first days I sensed the growing opposition to the mission by the Jews of that city. One of the workers had been martyred but a few short years before. Another had continual threats made against her life. The newspapers, having no libel laws to fear, carried false accusations against us. But we went on, witnessing where we could, taking groups of Jewish children to the country where they could have a chance to breathe the pure, fresh air, eat all they wanted, and hear the Word of God. For there, in our Daily Vacation Bible Classes, we taught the Bible truths, told from a Jewish angle, and then led up to tell them of Christ as the Saviour.

Clearly before me, now, is the memory of my perplexity when, in the spring of 1938, the senior Missionary in the work at Warsaw was ordered to leave the country and I was left to carry on. How could I, a Missionary with less than a year's experience in that field, assume the responsibility of the work? Would it continue? Could I hold things together, with the growing sense of insecurity in the country? Austria had been invaded—the world held its breath, wondering what further conquest Germany would make. But God was with us during that strange, waiting year—the year of Munich. He always supplied our needs. The privilege of seeing some of the Jewish children open their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ was my delight through those days of gathering uncertainties. I remembered that, with joy.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

I recalled that the blow fell shortly after that, culminating all the uneasiness

of my position. I had been granted one three-months' extension of my permit, but when I applied for another, the authorities gave me just five days to leave the country. The day came when I had to say good-bye to those I had grown to love.

I set out for Munkacs, Hungary, on the border of Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, where I had some friends. Because I had my destination planned, it seemed strange that my mind dwelt, that morning, on the verse, "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should thereafter receive for an inheritance, obeyed: and he went out, not knowing whither he went." I knew where I was going—why had the Lord given me that verse? But He knew better than I what my need was to be. The road to Munkacs had been closed and it was only after a series of conflicting difficulties that I finally found myself in a border town of Czecho-Slovakia, alone, with little money and unable to speak Czech. I dared not use either Russian or Polish.

With the bit of German I knew, I asked directions to the police headquarters. The only authority the Czech officer there had was to give me an order expelling me from the country so that I could get to Hungary where I had friends. Accordingly he gave me the order, hoping thereby to force Hungarian authorities to admit me, and I walked along to the border. But Hungary was not particularly desirous of my presence, and here I was at Christmas time, between the two countries, and having no permit to enter either one.

"Truly," I murmured, shivering in my now sodden clothing, "I have gone out, not knowing where I am to go."

My reverie was suddenly broken by the shouts of the Czecho-Slovakian guard. Before long I was made to understand that the authorities, sensing my plight, were giving me permission to re-enter Czecho-Slovakia! Gladly I accepted this favor and followed the guard who was carrying my bags to the place he found for me to sleep.

Waiting in prayer before God the next morning, seeking His direction, I remembered the name and address of Missionaries working in Czecho-Slovakia, which my friends in Munkacs had given me some time ago. "Why," I exclaimed excitedly to myself, "I believe that is near this very district. Perhaps God means for me to go there."

EVENTS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

With little trouble I found the Missionaries, living in a small village not far from the Czech-Polish border. They took me in this Christmas time—and I, who had thought to spend Christmas in "no man's land," found myself keeping the remembrance of His incarnation with friends of like faith. I, who had thought I would have no Christmas, celebrated it, not once but four times, as I attended the services in out-stations and kept Russian Christmas with one group of Russian Chrisitians.

Here I found a virgin field among the Jews. They had never had a Missionary, and I began to work among them, thankful that God had directed me there. I found them curious about the Gospel, but they were no easier to win than those who had known more about it. Fear held them back—fear of their people—fear of being the first to accept Christ. Oh, how thankful I was to be permitted a further time of service in Europe, witnessing to some who had never heard.

I was still in this village when, on March 14, 1939, Czecho-Slovakia fell, and that section was taken over by Hungary. The Munich pact was not enough. Czecho-Slovakia, after twenty years of freedom for which she had dearly paid, was to be enslaved.

Working under heavy restrictions, subject to frequent investigations, but with a six-months' permission to remain, I stayed on. Thus I saw the beginning of an occupation which was to turn Czecho-Slovakia into a great concentration camp; when people fled in terror, through the snow, trying to get to the border on foot. Germany continued to concentrate immense numbers of troops along the frontier of Poland, while rumors drifted from that country telling of her mobilizing with frantic haste. The clouds were dark.

We were just fifteen miles from the Polish border on that day, September 1, 1939, when Germany attacked Poland. As though I were there, I can yet picture the German planes swooping down from the corn-flower blue sky to bomb the city of Warsaw that I knew so well. Where were the children? Where were the preachers, the Christians? Where would it all end?

In the midst of my concern over the work in Warsaw, I received a summons from the police. At headquarters, when I appeared, I was given my choice, either to go to jail for fifteen days, then to be deported without permission ever to re-enter Czecho-Slovakian territory, or to leave peacefully. The Hungarian officer in charge (and I should explain that it was the roughest element of Hungarians in occupation of Czecho-Slovakia, being used by the dictator) for want of a better name called me a Baptist Jew, the lowest thing he could think of. It was unheard of for a Gentile to work among Jews!

Having no choice but to obey, once again I said good-bye, closed this phase of my witnessing to Israel, and set out

on my flight, which I had hoped was ended.

YUGOSLAVIA

This time I headed for Yougoslavia, where I had a friend, a fellow-student in those far past peaceful times spent in the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. I found him laboring in a Catholic country where the Protestant work was just opening, but where the seeds were sprouting well. The believers, suffering bitter persecution, were but the stronger for it, and my time of fellowship there was rich indeed.

About this time I became exercised to know God's will for me in the immediate future. I had little money and no definite place to work. Others were leaving for America. Should I? A notice reaching me at this time that funds for a ticket to America were available in London, added to my confusion. Was the Lord opening the way for me to return home?

But I did not have the assurance in my heart that I was to leave Europe, even though I was not to be allowed to work long in any one center. I felt led to go to the Hungarian Consul to ask permission to enter Hungary. If he gave it, I would take that as my sign. Perhaps I hardly dared to hope that I would get the proper visa, but, to my surprise, without any of the red tape to which I was accustomed, the visa was given. And I set out for Budapest.

WORKING IN BUDAPEST

Budapest, a tapestry of hills and water, an enchanted city whose name was once synonymous with music and leisure! I stood on the right bank of the beautiful Danube where the rising hilly terraces meet the sky line, and I was glad to be there! It was not because of the loveliness of the place or its past glorious history. It was because there was work here for me to do.

I had found a place of service in the work of the Baptist Seminary, both to help in that and at the same time to use the work among the Gentiles as a cover, if you wish, for Jewish work. It was protection in the eyes of the Government, for only those working in recognized organizations were permitted to stay.

We rejoiced that, in spite of growing anti-Semitism in the city, the believers were kept free of it. Some even would bring their Jewish friends to church. The Jews recognized, for the first time, I think, that there was a difference between the Christians and other Gentiles, and they almost began to feel as though they and the Christians were one! Barriers were broken down. We rejoiced to be free to minister to them.

But there was a feeling of urgency through the whole year of 1940 and early 1941—a certainty that the doors that were open to us now would not be long open. Hitler seized Denmark and Norway, invaded Holland and Belgium; the British evacuated Dunkirk, Italy entered the war against the Allies, France sued for peace —the whole world was swiftly becoming a battle-ground, and we wondered how long we would be permitted to work.

But the world conflagration spread rapidly. Germany declared war on Yugoslavia and invaded that country. And again, because I had formerly served there, I lived, in imagination, with those I knew—through the nation's fight and the subsequent occupation. Again I wondered about my friends and about the work they had done.

Rumors grew sinister; day by day difficulties mounted until it seemed that, in truth, we lived and worked on the edge of a threatening volcano. It was little surprise, therefore, to us, when, on December 7, the world's radios carried the news of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. I was still in Budapest. I was an enemy alien, in a Nazi-controlled land. What did the Lord have for me next?

(Continued in our next issue)

AMERICAN EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Date .....

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Address.....

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